

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLME III.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1867.

NUMBER 20.

Cards.

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
Real Estate Agent.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Office one door West City Hotel, up stairs.
H19-1y

ZOOK & SCOTT,
Bankers and Dealers in Exchange,
—AND—
REAL ESTATE,
OREGON, MO.
Do a general banking business. Deposits received. Collections made.
H16-1y

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
H17-1y

Dr. G. M. EDSON,
DENTIST!
North Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
H17-1y

FOR THE BEST AND
Cheapest Wagons,
CALL AT DEMUTH'S
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
FOREST CITY, MO.
A full supply always on hand.
H17-6m

Christian Krauss,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
FOREST CITY - MISSOURI.
HAYING purchased the interest of
Mr. Gusta Rooker, will continue business
at the old stand.

JAMES H. NIES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in
exchange for Tinware.
H180-1y

W. D. SICELUFF, T. B. WEAKLEY,
W. D. SICELUFF & Co.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERIES,
Foreign and Domestic Liquors,
No. 16, Second Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
H188-1y

FAIRLEIGH & SEARGEANT,
No. 6, FOURTH ST.,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
Importers and Jobbers of
Cutlery, Shell, and Heavy
Hardware,
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, &c.
T. FAIRLEIGH, JAS. W. SEARGEANT,
Late T. Fairleigh & Co. Late with Sheldon
& Co., N. Y. Recently with Pratt & Fox,
St. Louis.
48-1y

WOOLWORTH & COLT,
BOOK BINDERS,
And Dealers in
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Paper Hangings, and Printer's Stock,
No. 12 Second street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Cash paid for Rags.
sep27 12 1y

Karl F. Horst,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter.
Paper Hanger, and Dealer of Wood
Buggy Painting and trimming
neatly executed.
—ALSO—
House Carpenter, Cabinet
Maker,
and Carver of Wood.
Window Shutters manufactured, Fur-
niture repaired.
56-1y
FOREST CITY, MO.

PENS! PENS! PENS!
Cheap! Cheaper! Cheapest!
ALL VARIETIES.
ESTERBROOK'S CONTINENTAL,
EMPIRE, GOLDEN, AND
INDESTRUCTIBLE, &c.

These celebrated Pens are of Genuine American
manufacture, comprising the principal vari-
eties in the market, equal in finish, elasticity
and smoothness of point to the best imported Pens.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Samples furnished
on application FREE. Price per gross, post-
paid, assorted, \$1.00. A liberal discount to the
trade. Several new styles just out. Send for
Price List. Address,
N. Y. MANUFACTURING CO.,
17 Park Row, N. Y.

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND
JEWELRY!
I will sell at cost all my new and second hand
Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry. Repairing done
at low prices. WM. COTTEN.
H26-1y

H. MURPHY.
Successor to
J. MURPHY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the
Latest Styles, always on hand. Suits
made on short notice, and best style. Call and
see the Largest, Best, and most Complete Stock
of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, ever offered
in this city.
H27-1y

Family Groceries.
H. G. SCHULTE,
AT HIS OLD STAND is constantly
receiving fresh
Groceries of All Kinds.
He has added to his stock an assortment of
WOODEN-WARE,
and
WILLOW-WARE,
GLASS, SASH, AND PUTTY,
FLOUR, of the best brands, and CORN
MEAL always on hand. Call and examine
goods and compare prices.
H15-1y

LOOK OUT!
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Eastern and Custom Made Work, at
CASTLE AND LEHMER'S

IRA PETER,
DEALER IN
Drugs and Books,
Main street, North side of Public Square,
Oregon, Missouri.

THE
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.
PIANO-FORTES,
Wholesale Agency.
The subscriber, late a member of this well known
firm has established a
WHOLESALE AGENCY,
783 Broadway, New York City,
Where he will be pleased to receive the orders
of his friends and the public, and especially to
hear from those who have so liberally bestowed
their patronage on the firm heretofore. He will
supply these superior instruments to the trade
At the very Lowest Prices.
Made with the Insulated Iron Rim and Frame
(cast in one solid plate.) They excel all oth-
ers in durability, superiority of tone and ele-
gance of external appearance.
All these Pianos have overstrung Scales, giv-
ing in connection with the patent iron rim and
frame, Full Round Powerful, and Sweet Mel-
low Tones. The Cases are elegant in appearance,
and easily and safely handled.

Warranted to prove satisfactory, or
the money returned.
Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT,
783 Broadway, N. Y.

Music Teachers
And Dealers.
The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish
Sheet Music, String, Musical Instruments, and
Music Books of all kinds at the lowest trade
rates, from the largest collections in this coun-
try.
Orders punctually and faithfully attended to.
Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT, 783 Broadway, N. Y.
H11-5

Holt County Sentinel.
(WEEKLY.)
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OREGON, HOLT COUNTY, MO.
OFFICE—"SENTINEL BUILDING," opposite the
Furniture store of Walters & Berres.
One copy per year,..... \$ 2 00

MISCELLANEA.
ARTICLES UPON LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, POLITI-
CAL, AND OTHER TOPICS OF GENERAL INTEREST,
ARE SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT.

THE BETROTHED.
A Tale of the Santee.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARION'S MEN, &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

Poor Emily, at these words, gazed in
speechless horror at the officer. Had
Col. Thorn asked her only to sacrifice
Captain Elwyn, he might have extorted
a promise to that effect, but to wed him
whom she did not love, whom she could
never love, was a boon beyond even her
power to grant. She felt it would be
better that both she and Capt. Elwyn
should die than that such a sacrifice
should be made. She remained silent
but pale as death.

"Speak—I give you the option," said
Col. Thorn. "I once knelt to you—you
had no pity."

"Oh! do not ask it," implored Emi-
ly. "Anything else—"

The face of Col. Thorn grew white
with rage. "What!" he exclaimed pas-
sionately, "do you think me more than
human? Shall I give up him whom, by
your own confession, I know to be the
rival that riled me your love? But for
him, you would have loved me. Shall
I free this hated rival, when it is in my
power to be revenged on him? Shall I
do this, too, without an equivalent?
You ask strange things, Miss Newton—
ay, expect me to put the knife to my
own throat. I have loved you with pas-
sionate earnestness—I would as willing-
ly die as see you another's—yet you ask
me to spare a rival's life that you may
wed him before my face. Away!" he
cried in bitter scorn, flinging her arm
from him, completely transported with
passion.

"But I will promise—I will swear
never to marry Captain Elwyn," eagerly
interposed the supplicant.

"Rely on a woman's oath?" said
Col. Thorn with a passionate sneer. "A
thing given to-day, and broken to-mor-
row! As well trust the feeble sea or put
faith in traitors!"

Emily rose sadly to her feet. Those
last words had crushed what remained
of hope in her bosom. She saw that
passion had distorted a nature, always
prone to selfishness, into the cruelty of
a fiend. Her demeanor suddenly assumed
a dignity which awed Col. Thorn
even amid the fury of jealousy.

"God forgive you," she said, "and
grant that on your death bed, you may
not plead to him in vain. I have but
one favor to ask of you," she said after
a pause, and that is, a personal in-
terview with—Capt. Elwyn."

There was such a lofty majesty in her
air, which was the air rather of a superi-
or than a supplicant that Col. Thorn
quailed as selfish passion and cruelty
ever does before true nobility of soul.

He would have refused her boon had he
dared, but he was awed into consent,
though the moment after she left his
presence and the order for her admis-
sion to the prisoner had been issued, he
cursed himself for having been influenc-
ed into the concession.

The room in which Capt. Elwyn was
confined, was situated on the ground
floor of the inn, no more secure place
existing in the village, which itself was
composed of but four or five houses. A
few steps brought Emily into the en-
trance of the apartment. The door was
flung open, and she stood in the pres-
ence of her lover.

He was reading by a solitary candle,
when thus interrupted, and looking up
he saw with surprise, a veiled female
figure. Emily trembled excessively.
She dreaded that Capt. Elwyn would
think that she over-stepped the bounds
of female modesty in thus seeking him;
but this fear was soon dissipated, for her
lover immediately recognizing her form,
sprang forward with a joyful exclamation,
and a poor girl now all nervous-
ness and agitation, fell weeping into his
arms.

When she was more composed he drew
from her a narrative of the means by
which she learned his danger.

"And you dared the perils of a mid-

night ride to see me! God bless you
dearest! But I would you had not come,
he added mournfully. I would you had
spared yourself this sad interview—I
would you had known nothing of my
peril till all was over."

"Say not so," replied Emily striving
to compose her tears. There is a mel-
ancholy pleasure in this interview. You
but go before to a better world. I feel
that I shall follow soon."

Her lover pressed her mutely to his
bosom; the tears were in his own eyes,
but called up by her agony, not his.

"I knew from the first moment of my
capture," said he at length, "that there
was no hope. Col. Thorn, if he does
not know, suspects my love for you,
and would rejoice to destroy a rival and
rebel at once. We are old foes in the
field. I have asked him no favors."

"Alas!" it is but too true," said the
weeping girl. "I saw him before I came
to you, and pleaded in vain for your
life."

"Now, this is too much," exclaimed
the prisoner with a burst of indignant
feeling. "I would rather have sacrificed
my right hand than that he should thus
triumph over you! Yet heaven bless
you dearest for making the effort. The
knowledge of love like this—so devoted,
so self-sacrificing, will smooth my
few hours of life."

"Oh! Henry, is there no hope?" ex-
claimed Emily looking up. "It cannot
be that I am to lose you. I will not
believe it. Succor will yet come from
some quarter. Say that there is hope!"
she said almost frantically.

The bitterness of death was increased
by a sight of her agony. Capt. Elwyn
turned away to conceal his agony. He
pressed her to his breast but dared not
make answer.

"Do not bid me despair," cried Emi-
ly wildly, "say there is hope of aid
from some of your friends."

"Alas!" replied the prisoner, "there
is no hope. It is true," he added,
brightening up, "that a couple score of
brave men might surprise this post; but
where are such to be found? My own
troop is scattered or slain, and Marion,
whom I was marching to join, is far
away. It is better, dearest, you should
know the truth at once, and prepare
yourself for my death. For myself, I
care little, but your agony unnerves me.
I have had my thoughts on heaven ever
since I was condemned; let us together
look above, there you may derive
strength of soul; God will temper the
winds to the shorn lamb."

Poor Emily at these words, wept
afresh but yielding her hand to her lov-
er, they knelt together on the prison
floor. A few minutes of silent medita-
tion on the prisoner's part followed;
and during that pause Emily rebuked
herself for having lost her composure,
when she should have been the one to
cheer and sustain. Directly the voice
of her betrothed arose in prayer. The
accents were clear, full, and firm, and
as he poured out his earnest applica-
tions that strength might be granted to
her who knelt at his side. Emily felt
a holy fervor glow in her heart, while a
peace, as from on high, stole into her
bosom. Her emotion was not one of
hope, nor one wholly of resignation;
but it was a mingling of both, and she
experienced fully, in the words of the
petitioner, "that God's ways are not as
our ways, and what seemeth to Him
right is best."

When they arose from their knees,
both were more composed, and their
eyes met each other in a glance of af-
fection that seemed too spiritualized
and heavenly for this earth. It appear-
ed to Emily, at that moment, as if she
would be supremely happy, could she
but die with her betrothed. Suddenly
a knock was heard at the door. "It is
the signal for your departure; we must
now part," said the prisoner; and then,
in a solemn but affectionate tone, he
added, "our next meeting will be in
heaven."

Emily's tears again flowed; nor could
she speak for choking. The door open-
ed, and the soldier entered to lead her
out. She turned to take the last look
on her betrothed. By an uncontrollable
impulse she flung her arms around his
neck, forgetting the presence of the sol-
dier, and thinking only that she should
never behold that dear form again. Then
consciousness passed from her.

"Away!" said the prisoner as the
soldier advancing, would have taken the
insensible form from the prisoner. "I
will bear her myself to the door, and
commit her to her servant's care. Oh!
Emily, do we part forever? Ha! what

is that?" he suddenly exclaimed stop-
ping quickly.

The soldier too stopped. A shot rung
across the night, then another, then a
third; and in rapid succession followed
shouts, the clash of sabres, wild huzzas,
and all the tumult of a life and death
struggle. The conflict, whatever it was
about, was close at hand.

"Huzza—we have them—down with
the British murderers—liberty or death!"

These were the words, that pronounc-
ed within a few feet of the prisoner, ap-
parently by a voice outside the inn,
thrilled through the heart of Capt. El-
wyn and made the inanimate burden on
his bosom faintly open her eyes. The
soldier darted into the passage, forget-
ting to close the door; while sounds of
hurrying footsteps were heard from the
upper rooms. Could the post have been
surprised? Capt. Elwyn would have
laid down his precious burden and avail-
ed himself of the open door to enquire,
but his still half inanimate charge clung
to him, and he shrank from exposing
her to a chance shot by rushing out in-
to the melee. He did not have long to
wait, however; the uproar deepened every
minute and grew nearer. At length
there was a sound like the crashing of
a door, and a rush was made into the
passage leading to his cell.

The uproar without now suddenly
ceased; but was transferred to the pris-
oner's cell. A dozen sturdy yeomanry
rushed in and seized Captain Elwyn's
hand; some of those he seemed to know,
others were strangers to him, though he
recognized their uniform, which was
that of Marion's men. The whole pass-
ed so quickly that the intruders had not
time to perceive Emily, whom Captain
Elwyn still partially supported, though
now, fully restored to consciousness,
she shrank blushing behind him. At
length a small swarthy man appeared,
for whom all made way. He eagerly
seized the prisoner's hand.

"God bless you, General Marion,"
said Capt. Elwyn, in deep emotion, "I
owe you my life."

"Say nothing of it. We happened
to meet your brave fellow there, and
came hither as fast as spurs could bring
us. The post was surprised beautifully,
though Col. Thorn made a desperate
resistance, and died sword in hand.
But, ah! Miss Newton," said he, sud-
denly recognizing our heroine, and com-
prehending the situation of affairs at a
glance, he said, turning to his follow-
ers. "But come, my brave boys, let us
now that we have freed Captain Elwyn,
see that our victory is secure, and then
prepare to be off—for the news of this
surprise will bring a hive of those Eng-
lish bees about our ears if we stay here
till day-break."

His men hastily obeyed their beloved
leader's order, when General Marion,
whispering to Capt. Elwyn to lead Miss
Newton to a more private room, follow-
ed them.

She will paint the emotions that
swelled in Emily's bosom, when she
found herself again alone with her be-
trothed, no longer under sentence of
death, but free? The first movement
of the lovers, when they had closed the
door of the parlor whither Capt. Elwyn
and Emily had gone, was to kneel down
and return thanks for their deliverance.
Not till that moment did Emily under-
stand the mingling of hope and resigna-
tion which had followed the prayer in
the cell; but now she knew that it was a
prophecy—her gleam of her present
happiness, mercifully sent to cheer her
soul.

It was many months after that event-
ful night when a horseman, covered with
dust, arrived at Mr. Newton's door.
Dismounting, he hurried to the parlor,
without waiting to be announced, Emily
was the first to see him.

"Henry," she exclaimed, springing
toward him. "Father, mother, here is
Captain Elwyn—"

"Returned to claim his bride," he
said continuing her sentence and ex-
tending his hand to Mr. Newton, "Corn-
wallis has surrendered to Washington at
Yorktown, and peace is now secure.
My country no longer needs my aid,
and hereafter I shall turn my sword in-
to a reaping hook—shall I now claim
your daughter, Mr. Newton?"

"God bless you," said the old man,
joining their hands together. "This
day I have long prayed for; when my
country shall be free, and Emily have
a protector. I can say with Simeon,
"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de-
part in peace."

And Emily and Captain Elwyn were
married; and lived long and happily.
After the close of the war, General
Marion visited them, and many a pleas-

ant day was spent by the General and
Captain Elwyn in fighting their battles
o'er again."

GRANT FOR PRESIDENT.

The Republican party had fully de-
termined to guard against any more
Tylers and Johnsons in the Presidential
chair, by choosing men for the next
President and Vice-President, who have
been long and fully identified with the
party, and concerning whose soundness
there was no doubt. In pursuance of
that determination, some well known
Statesman would have been selected for
the Presidency. But circumstances have
so changed the political aspect, that
this resolution seems destined to be
abandoned, and destiny points to Gen.
Grant as the next President, if he lives
until the election. The Radical leaders
have undoubtedly committed great blun-
ders; many members of the party, es-
pecially soldiers, have become disaffec-
ted in consequence of the suffrage ques-
tion; and the working classes have
been largely influenced by the dema-
gogue talk about taxing bonds and pay-
ing the national debt with greenbacks.
The result of the late elections show the
extent of the disaffection. The only
possible way to unite the party, and
make it invincible, is to make some popu-
lar General the standard-bearer of the
party in the coming Presidential cam-
paign. There were grave doubts as to
Grant's political soundness, but the
leading men of the party seem to be sat-
isfied that he is perfectly reliable; and
he is certainly the most available man
in the Union. Popular opinion is rap-
idly settling down on him, and his nom-
ination is almost a foregone conclusion.
He will sweep the entire country, and
overthrow the chosen leader of the Cop-
perheads, as surely as he overthrew
their Southern allies in the field, when-
ever he set out on a campaign against
them. It may be regarded as a fixed
fact, that the next occupant of the Pres-
idential chair will be Gen. U. S. Grant.
—[White Cloud Chief.]

STAMPED ENVELOPES.—The old-fash-
ioned postage stamp, once considered so
great a convenience, is now voted a
nuisance. They are so often lost when
used, and are so often forgotten by
writers of letters, that the Department
has decided to discourage their further
use. Accordingly, discontinuing their
further manufacture, it is determined to
issue in the future only stamped envel-
opes. These will be issued of all sizes
and of all rates of postage, and, to en-
courage their general use, they will be
sent to any address, when three hun-
dred are ordered, with the printed noti-
fication on the back to return to the
writer if not called for in a specified time.
This remaining, also, will be done free
of postage. Specimens of the new en-
velopes are displayed in the Post Office
building. In so doing the Department
has met a public want, and soon we
shall see no more postage stamps sepa-
rate from the envelope.

ONE of our prominent lawyers, in con-
versation with a friend, the other day,
remarked that there was actual danger
of his literally starving to death. "Why,
is not our credit good at the butchers?"
asked a friend. "It is not that," was
the reply; "the fact is, I have no ap-
petite for breakfast, I never have time to
go home to dinner, and when I go home
to tea, I am generally too drunk to eat!"

SECRETARY STWARD has styled our
new RUSSIAN purchase, the "Territory
of Alaska." This title will, probably,
be confirmed by Congress. It is already
the official name in government dis-
patches. "Alaska" is therefore, the
name by which the purchase should be
designated in the newspapers and by
the people.

"Papa," said a little urchin to his
father the other day, "I saw a printer
go down street just now."

"Did you, sonny? How did you
know that person was a printer?"

"Cause I do, papa."

"But he might have been a carpen-
ter, blacksmith or shoemaker."

"Oh no, papa, he was a printer; for
he was gnawing a bone, and he had no
stockings on, the crown was out of his
hat, and his coat was all torn. I'm cer-
tain he was a printer, papa."

The Postmaster General will soon
recommend that all mail drivers and let-
ter carriers be required to wear a particu-
lar uniform.

The Mercantile Library at New York
contains 90,000 volumes.